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VOL. 5. NO. 130.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JUNE 21,

1862.

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80 MAIDEN LANE,

May 1st, 1862

SIR,

As there are none of "Holloway's Pills" for sale hereabouts, I enclose an order for which please send me the amount in your very valuable Pills without delay. If there is any postage or expressage please deduct it, and oblige

Yours truly, in haste,
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Before Yorktown, Va.

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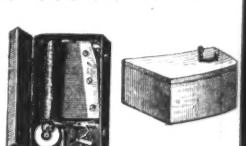

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WHAT IS IT?

STARTLING announcement has been going the rounds of the papers, lately, to the effect that the representatives of the Foreign Press, now in London are to be entertained with a dinner by the Savage Club. To what particular tribe or tribes, of savages the members of the Club referred to are supposed to belong, we are not, at present, in a position to inform our readers. They may be Kalmucks, in which case the principal viand offered for the "entertainment of the representatives of the Foreign Press" would, as likely as not, consist of horse cutlet, cooked by being strapped under a saddle and bumped upon by a big Tatar during the space of a ten mile "dash." We, however, as "representatives of the Foreign Press," don't want to have our meat served up with Tatars in that fashion: no, not even if our diners were to solemnize the combination into French, and call it *cheval sauté*, which would be good, average, restaurant Gallic for jogged horse.

Suppose a worse contingency than the above. Assume for a moment that they—the Savage Club men—are Feejee persons, and would the "representatives of the Foreign Press," we ask, be equal to enjoying an entertainment consisting of various preparations of fellow-creature? Perish the thought!

Whoever, or whatever, the Savage Club may consist of, we must prepare ourselves for the worst with regard to our friends of the American Press, now sojourning in London. We can never expect to see any of these meritorious gentlemen with their scalps on, again. If the Savage Institution is supported by Gorillas—which is likely, seeing that the interesting simian in question has been a prominent Subject of England for a year or two past—we need never expect to see our friends at all, whether with or without their scalps. In pursuing this gloomy anticipation we are guided by precedent. Many's the genial American Editor who has fallen a victim to a Savage Club before now.

Vanity Fair to the Grand Turk.

Most High, Mighty, Honorable, Learned, Youthful, Venerable, Middle-Aged, Distinguished, Amiable, Excellent and Sagacious Grand Turk: May you live a thousand years! We have heard with irrepressible rapture that you have ordered the Confederate Privateers to keep out of the sweet and sunny waters of Stamboul! May you live two thousand years! Your Majestic Majesty, by this exhibition of your superior sagacity, has won the distinguished consideration of the undersigned, who, to show our gratitude, are at this moment smoking a pipe of Turkish tobacco of the finest quality, and manufactured to the best of our knowledge and belief in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland. May you live three thousand years! Our kindest regards to the ladies of the Harem! May they live from two thousand five hundred to three thousand years, be the same more or less! Bishmillah! The Chief Cook and Bottle-Washer of the Universe does well in having nothing to do with such Confounded Confederate Corsairs! Let it be whispered in his most respectable ear, that pirates may pay out ropes, but never pay out cash! With the wish that his opium may always agree with him, that his hubble-bubble may never go out, and that he may live ten thousand years,

We are His Serenity's Most Humble Servant,
VANITY FAIR.

P. S.—Should his Majestic Mightiness intend to forward to this office any little donation, we would hint that a dozen of his Sublime Port would (so to speak) take us where we live.

V. F.

Misnomer.

The Armstrong Gun turns out not to be a Strong Arm at all, a committee of Engineers having reported that the only holes it will be likely to make will be in the cash-boxes of the Admiralty.

THE FALL OF MIGHTY MEMPHIS.

Of all the mighty cities, and all the mighty men,
That made the South so terrible—somebody tell me when—
Great Memphis was the mightiest, though not the biggest, place,
And PILLOW was the mightiest man—at least to run a race.

Full eighteen months, the *Avalanche*, and other truthful prints—
Had satisfied the world at large, by something more than hints,
That, come what would, the Northern Goths should never enter *there*,
While they had blood, and patriotism, and other things to spare.

Historic cotton-bales a myth no longer could be called,
For there was mighty PILLOW, Generalissimo installed,
Piling them high on every side, and swearing loud and long
That Memphis was invincible, it was so mighty strong.

"Fear not, brave citizens!" he cried; "though every other town
Should fall ignobly, Memphis great shall never knuckle down!
For, though your other friends get shot, believe me, GIDEON J.
Would die a thousand other deaths, before he'd die that way!"

Logic so clear, the Southern mind unanimous approved;
Last ditches were constructed fast—and treasure was removed—
All such as hadn't business on the river, up or down,
Remained, and fished for gudgeons from the bluffs before the town.

Inspiring trade! for in the stream there lay the mighty fleet
Which "Hessian" gun-boats soon would find so difficult to beat;
Eight rams, and so forth, manned by men that never *could* say "die,"
Would blow the Lincoln navy—every craft of it—sky-high.

In fact, the fleet seemed force enough; so PILLOW thought he'd go,
So truly anxious, now, was he to find a worthy foe:
"My spirit shall remain with you!" the hero *must* have said,
Considering how it showed itself soon after he had fled.

The Sixth of June came smiling in, with all her Summer grace:
Enough for brave MONTGOMERY, who, at a fearful pace
Bore down upon the Union fleet, his rams prepared to butt—
And otherwise maltreat it, ere its stick it tried to cut.

Alas! Flag-officer DAVIS had resolved to do or die;
And when a Union man does *that*, he's not the man to fly!
In just about an hour, he had shown himself so rough,
The anglers rose and left for home, for they had fished enough.

In fact, MONTGOMERY's fleet was dished, all but the swift *Van Dorn*
And her two Union rams would have, as sure as you were born:
Astonishment had ne'er before so stunned the Southern mind—
Save when the *Merrimac* ran off, with the "cheese-box" close behind!

Said DAVIS to the Mayor, "Shall we enter right away?—
Of course, if you forbid us, we must come another day."
"Oh, take the noble city!" said the Mayor, "for I'm sure,
Without my own soft PILLOW, I shall else not lie secure.

"Our ditches they are wide and deep, where PILLOW was to lie,
And when he lies for us again, we hope he first will die,
We mean to do the same ourselves. That's all I offer now,"
Two regiments then took the place, without the slightest row.

A Compensation.

When the H. R. R. C. indulges in the slight vagary of running a train into the river, it is some consolation to the involuntary bathers to know that the locomotive at the bottom of the river is a dead loss and was worth $15,000.

The First Journal.

It is singular that archæologists should hitherto have neglected to mention the fact that journalism had its origin in ancient Egypt. Certain it is that we have records of a great Rush for the first paper there: and if any of our readers are puzzled about the matter, let us affectionately remind them that the *Papyrus*, which served the Egyptian journalists of old for paper, was neither more less than a great Rush.

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

Jenkins, (Lately Imported)—"YOU MAY THINK I'M OVER-DRESSED AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE, BUT YOU'D KNOW BETTER IF YOU'D EVER BEEN OUT IN A PUNT TO FISH FOR HEELS!"

ANOTHER PATTERSON IN THE FIELD.

But a few short years have elapsed since the nations of the earth were discussing with anxiety the circumstances that resulted in the administration of a blow to Mr, WILLIAM PATTERSON; and, if we remember right, without coming to any positive decision upon the subject. It is a pleasure to us, now, to be enabled to inform our readers that there is another prominent PATTERSON in the field; no less a person, in fact, than General BONAPARTE PATTERSON, of whom the French *canardiers* whisper that he is to be exalted to the Throne of Mexico by the Emperor of the French. Judging from all past experience of Mexico, however, the situation would be rather a ticklish one for PATTERSON, who before he decides to occupy the throne ought to practise the business by sitting upon a turnstile and training himself to face all the cardinal points with great rapidity of change. Otherwise he will be sure to get a crack on the head from behind when he least expects it: and then will be revived the wild cry of former days, slightly altered to meet the circumstances, and the shibboleth of "Who struck BONEY PATTERSON" will hurtle through the air, as did erstwhile the similar query with regard to the mysterious BILLY of that patronymic.

A Change Called For.

SIMON CAMERON, the canny Scotchman, calls his place in Pennsylvania, Lochiel; but considering his rapid retreat from it, all the way to Russia, we would suggest that the name of his estate should be changed to Culloden.

Bread that is unwholesome for Secessionists.

Federal Muster Rolls.

THE DREAM OF A WAR OFFICE EMPLOYÉ.

I had a dream—a high old classic dream.
Methought a fat man did receive from Mars
A foolscap helmet, the which Juno plumed
With caudal feathers of her favorite birds
Whose eyes are in their tails. The mortal's nose
Pallas with leathern spectacles bestrid,
To light impervious, and a new Gillott
Thrusting between his digits adipose
Remarked that, used by fools intensely great
The pen was twice as dangerous as the sword.
Vulcan a belt of telegraphic wire
Hung round him for a baldric. Lastly Jove,
To cap the climax of the Olympian joke,
Made him first Military Mandarin
Of the Red White and Blue.

Here, alas!
A cry of "Extra Herald" "BANKS' defeat"
Dissolved the vision. What it meant the Gods,
Who deal in riddles, better know than I.

Extraordinary Abstinence.

JEFF. DAVIS'S coachman reports that his wretched master "used to jump up, just as he had sat down to dinner, on getting a dispatch, and not come back to eat any more." This is touching; but what we want to know, considering the state of the Southern market, is, whether if he had come back, he would have found Any More To Eat?

Dutch Diversions.

While the Central Park Concerts treat us only to the music of REHM, VON WEBER, KUHNER, SPOHR, WAGNER, SEMMERLAK and GUNG'L, isn't it ridiculous affectation to prohibit the sale of lager-beer and pretzels on the premises?

The Grave of Rebellion.

In a late dispatch from General HALLECK to the Secretary of War, on the subject of the retreat from Corinth, the following passage occurs:

"Some of the fresh graves on the road have been opened, and found filled with arms."

How suggestive this is of the grave of Rebellion! Doubtless, when the Last Ditch comes to be discovered and opened by some future investigator, it will be found "filled with Arms:" we see in our mind's eye a Coroner's Jury debating over the mortal remains, and we hear with our mind's ear the verdict solemnly delivered by the puzzled Foreman in these words: "This trench is undoubtedly the Last Ditch alluded to in History; the Rebel Arms have remained quietly laid down here in token of submission, while the absence of Legs may be accounted for by supposing that they, influenced by the ruling idea even in the grave, got up from it and Skedaddled for parts unknown."

Writing and Cyphering.

Military correspondents assert that General FREMONT makes use of the Magyar language as a cipher, when communicating important dispatches to the President.

What gives a coloring of truth to the statement in question is that General FREMONT is a Magyar General. Had he been merely an average Brigadier General, suspicion might have been attached to the supposition that he knew anything about either reading, writing, or ciphering.

War Furniture.

We notice the name of the redoubtable SHEETS, the guerilla leader, among the records of the rebel slain. It is not mentioned how the Secessionists disposed of their departed hero; but we would mildly suggest that the Bed of the Mississipi would be an appropriate place both for SHEETS and PILLOW.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

"The Rebellion is Moulting."—*General Scott.*

High Art in England.

The London Correspondent of the *Daily Times* asserts that the upper line of pictures in the Art Gallery of the International Exhibition is situated at a height of thirty feet from the floor. Oil pictures, only, are admitted to that high latitude, as Water would freeze there.

By Actual Measurement.

Say what you will, about High-churchmen, Low-churchmen, Broad-churchmen and No-churchmen, your real Man of Narrow Views is the fellow who takes Stereoscopic photographs!

For Washerwomen and Sailors, only.

Q.—When may the sea be compared to a laundress washing summer trousers at a tub?

A.—When it makes Clean Breaches over a vessel.

Vaccine.

"Two heads are better than one"—as the Cow remarked when the Showman offered to pay one hundred dollars cash down for an abnormal calf produced by her.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from McArone.

Memphis, June 10.

Dear Vanity:—I have been indulging in a bit of diversion out here on the Mississipi, since I last wrote you.

I have taken Memphis.

The fact is, that I was a little mistaken about having occupied Richmond. That city is not at present in my hands, but I have left orders for its evacuation at the earliest convenience of the Rebels, while I attend to affairs out here for a brief time.

As I cannot sufficiently admire the style of the *Tribune's* news about the great ram-battle here, I shall report it for you in exactly the same manner. The *Tribune* has discharged all its regular correspondents, and relies entirely upon information furnished by Intelligent Contrabands.

Now, then: here is my statement *à la Tribune*:

We have had a glorious victory! Three Union gunboats and two rams destroyed and attacked twelve of the enemy's gunboats and rams, under Montgomery. None of the Union vessels were injured. Five hundred Rebels were killed. Nobody hurt on our side.

Memphis was quietly occupied. The Union sentiment is unanimous here. The raising of our flag produced the wildest enthusiasm.

Robert Small rendered the most valuable assistance in the taking of Stono Point.

The engagement began at 5 30 A. M., and lasted one hour and thirty minuter. It resulted in the capture and destruction of the entire Rebel fleet of five gunboats and three rams.

Two of the Union vessels only were injured. One filled, but was towed ashore. Colonel Ellet was struck in the breast by a splinter, but this was the only casualty.

The seven Rebel Vessels destroyed were as follows:

1. The *Beauregard*; blown up and burned.
2. The *Price*; run down.
3. The *Jeff Thompson*; burned.
4. The *Little Rebel* (flag-ship); boiler burst.
5. Another, name unknown; sunk early in action.

The rest escaped by reason of superior speed.

Colonel Ellet states, in his report, that he was wounded by a pistol-shot in the leg.

The *Queen* (Union flag-ship), passed between the gunboats and ran down ahead of the enemy's rams. The *Monarch* gallantly followed, and the *Queen* struck fairly. When separate they sunk. She was then struck by another, and disabled. The *Monarch* also passed ahead and struck the boat that struck the flag-ship, and then struck the Rebel. She sunk. She was then struck by another boat. She then struck the *Beauregard*, which instantly took and sunk, and burst in her sails. At the same time a shot took effect in her boiler. She then struck the *Little Rebel*. The Commodore and crew escaped. The *Monarch* then took the *Beauregard* in tow and struck another and sunk her. They then went inso pursuit of the other gunboats, which escaped down the river.

Colonel Ellet was wounded in the arm by a rifle-bullet. No other casualty occurred on either side.

The *Beauregard*, the Rebel flag-ship, was run ashore and blown up early in the fight.

Robert Small rendered very valuable assistance at Stono Point.

Our fleet, consisting of seven gunboats and three rams, with the mortar-rafts, left Fort Wright early, and took Memphis in time for breakfast. The Rebel fleet consisted of nine vessels, as follows: the *Van Dorn*, (flagship,) *Bragg, Lovell, Price, Sumter, Beauregard*, and *Jeff. Thompson*. They opened with a rifle-gun, fired from the *Little Rebel*, followed by several rams. The Union ram, *Monarch*, struck her amidships, cutting her completely in two. She sunk with all her crew on board. The Commodore escaped in boats, and took to the woods on the Arkansas shore.

The enemy's loss is about one hundred.

An angry and threatening mob followed our men when they went to pull down the Rebel flag and hoist the Stars and Stripes, but no open violence was committed. The city was surrendered merely as a conquered place, but still hostile. There is no Union sentiment here.

The only injury to any one on the Union side was the wounding of an officer in the shoulder.

At the taking of Stono Point, the most valuable assistance was rendered by Robert Small.

The Rebels burned a gunboat.

The backbone of Rebellion is broken, in Tennessee.

I forgot to say that two of the Rebel steamers were disabled by one shock from several rams. One was disabled by an accidental collision, and secured her crew. Another vessel was also hit by a shot from one of the gunboats, and still another was disabled. She struck her amidships, and sunk in deep water. She was raked fore and aft. Other gunboats were sent in pursuit of her, down the river:

If you fail, dear Vanity, to get clearly at the facts of this affair, charge it all to my imitative talent and the fascinating style of the *Tribune*.

Tout à toi, Mc Arone.

He Ought to Know.

It was proposed to paint our mailed gunboats gray, so as to render them less conspicuous, but the Editor and Proprietor of a certain daily paper objected. "Na, na," said he, "let 'em stay the same gude black. I ken weel there's naething like Black Mail!"

Multificial.

The *Tribune* is the most Tractable paper of all, as the Censors have discovered. Where guns are concerned, it is Con-tractable, and where McClellan is concerned, it is De-tractable!

GRATITUDE: A FERRY-BOAT INCIDENT.

Irascible Mendicant.—"WHAT! ONLY FOUR CENTS AMONG A WHOLE BOAT-LOAD OF YIZ? AH THEN, IT 'S HARD TO MAKE A JINTLEMAN'S LIVING OUT O' THE LIKES OV YIZ, SO IT IS!"

A Modern Lunacy Foretold.

BILLY—we refer to the Venerable SHAKE—must have been a bit of a prophet, and must likewise have alluded in an oracular way to the great Southern firm of FLOYD & COMPANY, when he wrote; "We be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—*steal.*" Upon the discovery of this remarkable passage, we incontinently despatched Our Boy to Mr. GRANT WHITE, the Uncommon Commentator, requesting a personal interview; but up to this time, we have received no answer to our polite invitation.

A Flippant Remark.

"The Soul is the Man,' said the Spiritualist. "I can go to the Central Park and back, by mere volition, while to go and carry my body....my Fleshly Tabernacle....requires a horse, of which my Soul is independent. A horse is a mere circumstance."

"Yes," murmured X., thoughtfully; a Circumstance over which I have no control!"

Flagitious.

Our stipendiary Fiend, upon being asked by a lady, the other day, whether he liked babies, replied that he did not think them very interesting until they are able to Stand a Loan.

The Simile Holds Good.

"Aha!" said the Baltimore Lady, in glee, "the Southrons went through from Front Royal as one might go up the lower Mississippi....smooth sailing and Sloping BANKS, eh?"

"Maybe, Madame," replied X., "but you must remember that when you go up the river a little way, you come to a Series of Bluffs?"

A Serious Difference.

Up in the North, here, we depend a good deal upon General SCOTT; while, down in the South, there, they seem to depend altogether upon General Scoot.

STARTLING FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

We have just received the following officious despatch by clam-boat express.

Reluctant as we are, in general, to vouch for the truth of conflicting rumors, in this instance we have every confidence in the receipt of the intelligence below, both because we have received it, and because it is in our possession.

Here is the substance of the despatch.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, *June* 12.

Dear V. F.—From my elevated condition—beg pardon, I mean position, I have just become cognizant of a startling episode in the grand military drama now progressing.

Nothing less extraordinary in fact, than that General MCDOWELL has again occupied Washington City!

The natural explanation of this phenomenon is, no doubt, that his occupation elsewhere is in the condition of the umquhile Othello's of whom Mr. WILLIAMS (sometimes called SHAKESPEARE by the English) speaks.

N. B. Speaking strictly, Genl. McD. as yet limits his occupation of our city to a moderate sized room at WILLARD'S; but, as he has occupied several other rooms in the same hotel, successively, at intervals, during the past month or two, there is no saying how long he will stop. He is evidently of opinion (and so am I) that, "Occupation is the thief of time."

Sentiment by a Rebel Artilleryman.

"Some likes round-shot, some likes shells; but for my part, I prefers a Long Bolt."

DIPLOMATIC DELICACIES.

The President of Hayti seems to be in a difficulty respecting the appointment of a representative to Washington, now that his Republic has been recognized as a nation by ours. He says, and with some reason, that the appearance of a Black envoy at the White House might prove to be a fruitful source for the pasquinade, the epigram, the scurvy jest and the scurrilous lampoon, and it is asserted in some quarters that he intends nominating a white man to the position. But there, again, a problem requiring solution is to be discerned. Would it not be incumbent on the United States to reciprocate with President GEFFRARD, by sending a gentleman of color to represent us, in exchange for his white ambassador? The question is a very nice one—in a particular sense of the word nice—and unless it can be settled by compromise we cannot see the solution of it. We have but two modes of compromise to suggest. Mr. HORACE GREELEY, who would cork well, might be appointed to the office, with Mr. EPH. HORN as Secretary of Legation; or, failing this arrangement, the place might be tendered to —— really we must beg the gentleman's pardon, for not knowing his name—but we mean to the Madagascar Albino at the Museum, who, although white as MR. LAUNT THOMPSON'S "Trapper" at the Academy of Design, is, nevertheless, a "colored person" according to the Southern code.

Horrible.

A misanthrope whose criminal punning has brought his parents' grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, was yesterday heard to observe that JEFF DAVIS'S Coachman in his appeal to the benevolent, was after a Cheque Rain! The police have been notified.

THE OLD CLOTHES OF THE NORTH.

THIS COSTUME, WHICH IS QUITE OUT OF FASHION AT WASHINGTON, HAS BEEN MUCH IN VOGUE AT THE SOUTH, EVER SINCE GENERAL SKEDADDLE TOOK COMMAND OF THE SECESSION ARMY.

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY EDITOR.

No. III.

Offis Wiggletonian, June 12th, 1862.

VANITY FAIR:

PAPS you'll gin us permission to continoo to say suthin' more about ourself. Then we will branch eout like streams, which it start from a inwisible founting, till arter a while it circoolate areound, and enwelope best meadows in the kentry, full of big ellums and warigated flowers. We got no wanity. Ef our wanity wuz a blanket, we sud hev s' little to kiver us, we should be eenamost ashamed. That's a self eviden' preposition. One day, one of our frens come into our offis, teb' srewd man, jus' cun's a fox, considdabel noledge human nature, an' he say to us,—"Mr. TUCKER, you say you got no eddication, ony what you pick up. Warn' know how you write sich strong leaden' editorials? Warn' kno' how you find out ef the grammar is all right?"

We put Our pen behind our Ear. "We will tell yer," sed we, "It's plain 's moonshine. Ain't no trouble about that. The way is this. We takes a sheet o' fool's cap, an' we say, that's got to be fill up with suthin nother. We write about's fast 's a trottin horst, an' we hev to doo it, bekase our thoughts is considabul greater than our abilities to express em fast enuff. Some of the best of 'em get away from us, an' altho they belong to us somebody else takes 'em up, claims 'em and puts 'em in harness, an' we lose 'em. Wal, when our article is finish, we read it eout in a loud woice. *an' ef it sounds right, then we knows it is right. Ef it sounds good grammar, then we knows it is good grammar.*"

"A wery excellen' plan indeed, Mr. TUCKER," said our fren, "We all go more by sound than by sense."

"Aye, ay, Sir, but unstan us. Taint that exactly. *We hitch sound and sense together, an' then we got a strong team.* We ony keind o' judge the sense by the sound, 's far's that, we owe our fortin' to our ears, but no furder. When our subscribers come in to pay for our paper, which is like angel's wisits, sometimes we see a sixpence. It feels greasy. Then we take it Onto a stun, an' rings it, an' ef it chime eout jullike a slay-bell, then we say all right—Receave Payment, P. C. TUCKER. When we hear a tin horn gin eout a good too-tin' seound, then we kno' it is a good tin horn."

"Mr. TUCKER," said our fren', "your talk pleases me wery much. You're a man of *sound-sense*. Some folks have said that your paper is pretty up-hill work, but howsumever—"

"Howsumever," sed we, bristling up, "we'd a smart deal rather go up hill than down hill. We've tried both, an' the up-hill done us most good. Any body can go down hill. He don' even hev to do the rollin'; it's done for him. Ain't any thing that goes down 's well 's he goes up excep the sun. He ain't bankrup nother by the operashun; he ony divides his light among the stars."

"Wery good indeed, Mr. TUCKER, Philosophy is better'n grammar."

"Grammar," sed we, "is like every thing else, ony good in its place. We don' warn be a slave to it, when our thoughts is too much for it. A bold independen' spirit will defy it. Reason why? —Because it is made up of rules, an' ef he is any think of a man, he can inwent his own rules, or else he'll say suthin nother that the school masters will hev to ramsack areound, and make some rules that *will* suit it. Are we goin' to run all our bullets into the same moles, when sometimes we want to shoot a neagle, and agin a squirl? Certingly not. Is compositions made out of grammar, or grammar out of compositions?"

"How of jography," sed our fren, a little offended because we was so fluid that we didn't gin him no time to speak,—"are we to unstan that your constitooents are hiring you to keep up an organ that is a goin' to be opposed to common schools, when eddication is the creownin' glory of the Uniten States?"

"Ef they doo hire us," sed we, with gret independens, poisin' our pen as ef we wuz a goin' to dart it at him, "they don' pay us. Far be from us to be oppose to jography, my dear fren, maps is good. We don' meddle with them. They hed ought to be made an' we wisht they would stay made. They hed ought to be manafacture an' sold for a good price, and they are manafactur' an' sold for a good price. But we go in for the map of the hull wurruld. We warnt a high platform to stand Onto, high 's an Eagle's nest, an' we warn' twirl our eyes all round the Compass, an' when we've got the hull sene into our heds, then our maps gin to be some valy. Oh yes, jography is good, so's stronomy, so's surweyin. *Surweyin* 's one of the most practical things we knows of."

"All right, Mr. TUCKER," sed our fren'—arter he had heard us out. "Your views appear to be conservative."

"Neow we will tell you another thing," we went on to say,—"When we hev written a good leaden' editorial, we like to hear what the printers sez of it, that sets up the types. Ef they say, 'Mr. TUCKER is wery strong to day,' Mr. TUCKER has handled this subject in a masterly manner,"—"Mr. TUCKER has out-done TUCKER," we are satisfy, we don' warn go no farther, for we tell you they're the best crickets in the kentry."

"That's so," replied our fren, an' he went eout.

The fact is such men do not appreciate how fur we sweep in our views, how fur we go North, how fur Seouth, how fur East, how fur West, how high is our aims, and how deep is our *sound*-ins. We don' happen to think that a mud-puddle 's deep, just because we carnt see the bottom. We believe we think about right on put near every think. They may stop our press, they may take away our types. Tongues was made before types. We sall go on again, and we will fill up the interwening time with usefulness.

Onct we knowed a man. Wery poor. Used to sell apple saas. Used to sell garding saas. Used to sell water crushes, and hen's eggs, sometimes duck's eggs, and sich like. Used to go reound from house to house. Not a gret deal furnitur in 's upper chamber. Some used to say he was ony half an' alf. Wery pious. Wery strange man to hear him talk. He wud ofting come to our house an' say—"Take some of my saas?—We're all pilgrims onto the same rud!—We must all help one another! Oh, do buy ony three cents wuth saas!" Then he say presently, "may I pray?" "Oh yes," sed we "certingly, ef you will be short." Arter he hed prayed a little while, he not able to remember what come next. Then he say to himself till he could collect his thoughts—"Two PISTAREENS AND A HALF MAKE A HALF DOLLAR!—TWO PISTAREENS AN' A HALF MAKE A HALF DOLLAR!" Then he come again to another pause, fill it right up in same way, with *two pistareens an' a half make half a dollar*, till finally he fetch up all safe at his concludin' *Amen*. There is a moriall. When we get interrupted in our serious business, we don' mean to be stop altogether, we go on with suthin' nother, we fill up the time with suthin useful for our feller men an' our family, and scrape together nuff pistareens to make a dollar.—What next?—as the lawyers most all on 'em say, when they are pleadin' in court, and when they say that we think they're put much run eout.

My dear fren', there is one thing which we hev studied it during the hull course of our lives. It is readin', writin', jography, flosophy, an' sich like all rolled into one. We couldn't hev bin' sich a good editor of a kentry paper without it. We couldnt hev got along without it. We couldn' do nuffin in war times without it. 'S as good 's a cyclopedy, 's as good 's a library, 's as good 's a college. Ef you don't know nuffinabeout *human nater* there might jes' 's well be no types an' no printin' presses in the hull wurruld. It wud stop us from failin, as we hev done, ef we know *enuff about it*. My dear fren' we are glad that we know, (through experiens mark you!) that we don' know it altogether—it is so extensive. We know a considdable deal if we know what there is that we don' know. Do we make ourselfs unstood? Any individooal who don' know nuffin abeout it will not fail in business as we hev done, three or four times, which is a slight modicum as we think, and a great measure of that in codensequens of causes, such as the state of the kentry, with which our noledge of human nater hed nothin' to do. Ef he dono nuffin about it, he will fail the *hull time*, and no help for it. He may hev Noser Webster's dictionary by heart, but we can beat him in spellin'. He may study jography but it wont do, ef he don' take in the hull world. As to 's grammar, an' logick, as we hev sed onct, we would'nt gin much for 'em, ef they choke up his independens, and are agin his true, nat'ral instincts. Wal, he may be a good divine too, read everything, but O he doo want know human nater little more'n most on 'em, contrary wise carnt doo much good. We would'nt gin a red cent for all the Universities Colleges or Comming Schools every where, ef we carnt do better by the boys in our systems of eddication than we hev done, an' instead of teaching them so many books, instruct them a little more in common human natur, an' gin 'em a chance to bulge eout an' expan. We got gret many things to say about such matters, ef you will put up with our way of saying them. Onct we knowed a man—paps we wouldn't hev time to tell you abeout him neow, but will at some futur opportunity, an' in the meanwhile remain, Your affechunate fren' an', brother in the printin' business,

PERLEY C. TUCKER.

Government Agents in a Pickle.

We hear much of the "Rebel Barbarities," and really suppose that between the Correspondents and the Rebels, there are a good many barbarous things done. The following, however, from a Rochester paper, is worse than twenty Bull Runs. Cannot some over-careful Secretary attend to the case of this cold-blooded cheap-cash-store man? Read, and wonder:

NORTHERN SPIES—In store, and for sale by the barrel, at ——'s cheap cash store, 43 —— street.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

EW persons are aware, probably, that America is just now giving the cue to France, in the article fashion. When we say America, we mean this continent upon which we spread ourselves, generally. Since the Mexican expedition, the Parisian *belle* has gone extensively into the costume of that country. The *Muchacha* is now very often to be seen upon the Boulevards. It is usually trimmed with *chapparal*, and worn very much upon one side. So much, indeed, that the wearers are often oblized to turn the other. Mexican *corale* is a favorite material for the *poncha*so much affected by stoutish Parisian ladies well on to the forties, while the ever fresh and charming *coyote* is to be observed mingled with the gorgeous *adobe* in the chaplets with which blushing sixteen delights in confining its irrepressible tresses.

The Empress was lately observed, while at Compeigne, standing upon a chair before a looking-glass, to contemplate the effect of a *cassolette à la Mexique*, just devised by her. The skirt was narrow, with three wreathed flounces running round it, the braidings of which were ingeniously combined into a repetition of the word *vamos*, in allvsion to recent events not altogether unconnected with foreign movements in Mexico.

It is stated that the Emperor has ordered from his tailor a full suit of clothes fashioned after the *gaucho* cut, which the Empress says is rather *gauche*.

THE PLAINT OF THE PLANTER.

I.

I owned a hundred niggers,
All sound and likely working hands,
Worth very pretty figgers,
And now they're Contrabands:
They ne'er felt whip or paddle,
They would not run away from me,
'Twas *I* that did skedaddle,
And left them to go free.

II.

I owned a nice plantation,
A richer one you'll hardly find:
I hated like darnation
To leave it all behind;
I entered DAVIS's army
Because his soldiers did incline
To feather an' to tar me,
If I refused to jine.

III.

And here I starve and shiver,
My legs are weak, my arms are thinned;
My tears have raised the river—
My sighs may raise the wind!
Our Ship of State is rotten,
And though I've fiercely fought and bled
And burned up all my cotton,
I haven't got a red!

IV.

O, for the days long faded,
Before we tried Secession's ruse!
When proudly I paraded
With the Savannah Blues!
But now ABE LINCOLN's banner
Waves high; and soon, undoubtedly,
His troops will take Savannah,
And give the Blues to me!

Etymological.

BROWN and GREEN were conversing with that earnestness by which they are both distinguished, on the subject of the new verb "to Skedaddle."

BROWN expressed himself confident that the word is to be found in English writers of the Elizabethan period, and that it means to "shuffle off."

GREEN, however, whose profession is that of Shakespearian Commentator, had him there, "for," says he, "that proposition of yours, Mr. BROWN, is hardly adapted for containing water, because, supposing the word to have been in use by the Elizabethan writers, then SHAKESPEARE undoubtedly would have written "Skedaddle this mortal coil,' instead of 'shuffle off this mortal coil'—don't you see?"

BROWN saw.

Euclid Nowhere.

There is something new, every day, under the sun. The last novelty we know of is the extraordinary manner in which Gen. SIGEL's hair is cut by the Pittsburg *Chronicle*.

"Gen SIGEL," says the P. C., "wears a thin moustache and goatee, and his hair, which is rather long, is cut *square round*."

Shade of Euclid! Here is a quadrature of the circle of which, certes, the wildest Geometer never dreamed.

What a miracle of the tonsorial art is here!

Truly, description is the better part of (thy) valor, oh! P. Chronicler!

But canst thou not tell us the name of the scissorial knight who wrought this marvel upon the hair of SIGEL? We would have our hyacinthine locks also cut "square round."

A MORAL TROTTING MATCH.

Mr. BONNER, of the *Ledger*, in reply to an invitation to trot his famous pair of horses at Philadelphia, declines doing so unless two thirds of the clergy of that city back him—with their opinions as to whether the object for which his presence is solicited is a worthy one. The clerical countenance thus given, Mr. BONNER declares himself ready to trot such a match against Time as never yet has been on record.

Now, doesn't it seem rather odd that clergymen, whose business for the most part is with Eternity, should thus be invited to mix themselves up with a match against Time?

Give 'em Line.

About thirty thousand respectable citizens have written to us enquiring if we can inform them where BEAUREGARD's Lines are.

In reply to the anxious crowd, we can only express our regret that we are unacquainted with the name and address of the rope-maker who supplies the Executive at Washington with such articles.

House Decorations.

A contrabandit from Richmond has brought word that the citizens of that place are tarring their houses in preparation for a great blaze. Should BEAUREGARD reach Richmond with the tattered remnant of his army, we suppose that the application of the white feather will render the operation complete.

We Pause for a Reply.

Can any gentleman connected with the Army of the Potomac inform us whether the Swell of the Chickahominy, so often referred to of late in the war correspondence of the daily papers, belongs to one of the First Families of Virginia?

A Demonstrative Darkey.

A released contraband in Newbern artlessly signified his rapture by "standing for five minutes on his head and knocking his heels together." *The Providence Journal* says, "his wife was less ecstatic." We should hope so.

A Cold Snap.

Among the arrivals by the steamship *City of New York*, from Liverpool, we find the name of Sir WEEKS WYNTER. Welcome to our shores, stranger, whoever you are; but it does seem rather hard that you should come upon us just now, when we are naturally expecting to enjoy several Months Summer.

THE NORTHERN MIND.

GREAT credit is due to the Northern Mind for the cheerful manner in which it has behaved throughout the trying times imposed upon it by the past twelve months. We do not think that any baby at BARNUM's Show has exhibited the same placidity at the approach of refreshment hour as that displayed now daily by the Northern Mind when the "barbaric yawp" of the newsboy announces another episode of the War. Men don't leap from their downy couches at midnight, now, and stoop wildly from their windows, like white spectres, grasping ravenously at the half *Herald* upward hurled at them by the vociferous distributor. Neither do women. There is a certain propriety about the Northern Mind, which asserts itself in due time, and teaches people that such proceedings are open to objection—especially where the street is narrow and the moon near the full. Elasticity, not apathy, is a leading characteristic of the Northern Mind. Hopefulness is another; ABRAHAM LINCOLN a third, and Major-General MCCLELLAN a fourth.

With such elements, is it wonderful that the face which is indicative of the Northern Mind should wear much the same aspect presented by it when no worse event than an Atlantic Cable impended over the community? Occasionally, in Wall Street, indeed, may be seen glowering the visages of men seen as in a dingy looking-glass, darkly, coming down the river Styx upon a raft. (Here we refrain from a stunning pun, which might easily have been composed upon the word Sticks, in connection with a raft.) But, even in Wall Street, the aspect of the Average Man is of a cheerful tendency. He is a noble specimen of Nature's manufacture, as he goes about his daily avocations with his usual composure and a cigar in his mouth. The busy clerk, with ear deftly adapted by Nature to the purpose of a pen-holder, now no longer tears wildly up the Street toward Broadway, as the sound of martial music rends the air. He knows, by this time, the value of the sweet, philosophic recommendation to "let things slide." He is aware that things will slide whether or no, and he has perfect confidence that they will all slide into their proper grooves by and by.

Loitering along Broadway, we do not observe that the bonnets are of a less impressive character than those celestial creations used to be when millinery, instead of military, law gave its ordinances to the land. The sweet things in mantillas yet assert their sway—and very pretty it is to see them swaying, too, if you only notice it. Do you suppose that there is one among the Beautiful of tulip-tossing Broadway, who does not think her own summer sack a much more becoming object than the sack of New Orleans, or of Richmond, or of any other city that ever had a sack in store for it? Possibly not one. It wouldn't be womanly; and, besides, it would conflict with our theory regarding the revived tranquillity of the Northern Mind.

Theatrical managers—weazels that never sleep—are availing themselves largely of the dulcet condition of the Northern Mind. Despondency cannot have gone very deeply into the N. M., as typified at New York, else would not the Drama flourish greatly as it does, nor the St. Cecilia of Fourteenth Street take her harp permanently out of pawn and go cheerily back to her business, as she has done.

Altogether, immense credit is due to the Northern Mind; certainly to the New York section of it, upon which neither the War nor the suppression of the Concert Saloons appear to have left any permanent blight

[Advertisement.]

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—AT THE *TRIBUNE* OFFICE; AN ARMED NEGRO, to keep Mr. GREELEY from becoming insane. A small tractable one, quite black, and accustomed to considerable neglect, may hear of a good chance by instant application. None but those of good moral character and an intense power of imagination need apply.

Only Perhaps.

Parson BROWNLOW, in one of his speeches lately, informed his hearers that he is "making history." Now, from the Parson's frequent, fond, and monosyllabic references to the Infernal Regions, we take it that he means Profane history, perhaps.

FAME.

What higher triumph can reward the man of lofty aspirations, than to be associated with the first minds of his time, in those grand labors which shall bless and be blessed by the generations of the future?

Such a labor is The Encyclopedia Britannica; the noblest literary monument of the Nineteenth Century. The names of its Architects and Builders will be honored in ages yet to come. May we not indulge in a feeling of pride to find America occupying at least one line upon its tablets? With ARAGO, Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Lord MACAULAY, the Chevalier BUNSEN, HERSCHEL, and the mighty thinkers of Europe, our own EVERETT is awarded prominent place.

The published list of contributors to The Encyclopedia Britannica, presents a brilliant constellation of titles, significant initials, and distinguishing affixes or prefixes—a magnificent array of the great workers, attended by some mention of their greatest works. "W. E. AYTOUN, L. L. D., Prof. of Rhetoric, etc." "Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K. H., L.L. D., etc." "Dr. DORAN, author of 'Habits of Men." "ROBERT STEPHENSON, C. E., F. R. S., etc." "RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, M. P.;" and many others, peers even of these.

In regarding this splendid and imposing galaxy of the brightest lights of literature and science, we become anxious to know how our representative Star may shine. Whether as Orator, Patriot, Sage and Laudator of WASHINGTON, or as late Senator, Secretary of State, and Minister near the Court of St. James. But none of these! 'Tis no scintillation of Mr. EVERETT's earlier genius which contributes its ray to the luminous list of The Encyclopedia Britannica. The last emanations of his maturer scholarship alone are equal to the requirements of the transcendent occasion, and his name simply stands upon the enduring record as "Hon. E. EVERETT, author of the Mount Vernon Papers."

One of the Horrors of War.

"If it were not for my friends' feelings, I would go to the war," said X; "but if I should be killed, think how my poor family would blush!"

"Blush?" asked the Lodger; "and at what, pray?"

"At seeing my name published in the *Herald*!"

The Joke of the Tirewoman.

"Why *will* not my hair lie down?" petulantly exclaimed the Lady, plying brush and comb with energy.

"Evidently," replied the handmaiden, "because it is not yet 'tired'."

The handmaiden received instant notice to retire.

By a Transient Guest.

Would it be proper, now, if your landlord can "keep a hotel," to call him Incapable?

By a Chamber-maid.

Shure, an' isn't one Gen. COUCH worth a dozen PILLOWS?

The Worst "Rebel Barbarities"

The editorials of the Memphis *Avalanche*.